The Bystander, May 10, 1916.—No. 649. Vol. L

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

THE "BABY" OF THE GAIETY

Miss Joyce Barbour, one of the prettiest of the many pretty girls in "To-night's the Night." Though only fifteen years old, she is possessed of much talent and is a very graceful dancer. Moreover, she is a great favourite with the members of the Gaiety company, by whom she is affectionately styled "Baby"

BYSTANDER

THE PERIL OF THE

MR. BIRRELL'S APOLOGY

BY ONE WHO HEARD IT

EXASPERATED at last—like most of my fellow-countrymen—with Ministerial war muddles, I decided on the Wednesday of last week to betake myself to the precincts of St. Stephen's, there to enjoy a good half-hour's hate at the expense of the people responsible.

⁂ ⁂

I LAY in wait particularly for Mr. Birrell, for whom I had prepared a specially ferocious gleam, when an M.P. friend, evidently divining my motive, grabbed hold of me and suggested that I should see the whole proceedings better within than without the sacred precincts. He led me inward, and injected me gently, *viâ* a narrow spiral staircase, up to the Members' Gallery.

⁂ ⁂

THERE were "questions" first to be got over, and I discovered Question Time to be anything but the lively business it looks in the columns of the evening papers. The questioner simply gives the Minister the number of his question, and in nine cases out of ten the answer thereto varies in audibility inversely with its interest. A dull question is usually answered by a Minister with the voice of a bull; an interesting question is answered by a Minister with the coo of a sucking dove. The Ministers you expect to find to be thoroughly horrid men turn out to be quite nice, and *vice versa*.

⁂ ⁂

MR. TENNANT is—quite nice. Mr. McKenna is agreeable, but at excessive pains to convince the whole House of his essential rectitude. Mr. Runciman is awfully earnest. The P.M. gives you the impression that he really believes in his comparison of himself with Pitt, and conveys to you that the whole game would really be up if he were to leave it. Nobody in the House has such beautiful white hair, or commands such a disastrous amount of respect. He has, too, the gift of inaudibility.

⁂ ⁂

BUT to get to my Birrell. Towards the end of Questions, he came in, and I got my teeth ready for grinding and my larynx for gurgling. Then I saw that instead of taking his place on the Treasury Bench he manœuvred his way behind, from which the House deduced that Mr. Birrell had resigned, and suppressed what the reporters call a "sympathetic cheer." After questions, the P.M. announced that his right hon. friend, Mr. Birrell, would "say a few words." Then Mr. Birrell rose, and—apologised. He admitted frankly that he had made a false estimate of the danger from the Sinn Fein movement. He spoke in low, sad accents, and laid stress on the emotions with which he had contemplated the awful scenes in Dublin. He spoke in terms of high and generous appreciation of his own work during the last seven years, and announced that he had resigned.

"At excessive pains to convince the whole House of his essential rectitude"

⁂ ⁂

NOW, without being any kind of Parliamentary expert, I could see that Mr. Birrell had never in the long course of his Parliamentary career been so beloved as at this moment which I had selected for my hate-storm. He had the House with him. When the P.M. said kind, loving words, and Redmond and Carson followed suit, the House dissolved itself in tears. Anybody jumping down on the floor and throwing a bomb at Mr. Birrell would, I verily believe, have been received with marked disfavour, and I saw that my whole programme was completely messed up. I felt even my own hate passing, and that I was falling rather in love with Birrell myself, and—alas!—with wishy-washy methods of handling national crises.

⁂ ⁂

I DISCOVERED in fifteen short minutes what has been the mystery of fifteen long months—why it is we aren't winning the war—and that is, because of the "parliamentary atmosphere." I could see that in a House psychologically constructed as is the Commons, an errant Minister can easily avoid his deserts if only he knows how to make a handsome apology. I understood that the reason why Minister after Minister, from the P.M. downwards, has been spared is because every politician of prominence is a past-master of the art of playing on the Parliamentary emotions. If ever a Minister deserved exemplary censure for negligence it was Birrell—he admits it himself. Yet here was Birrell a sort of Parliamentary hero, just as was Lloyd George when he apologised for Marconi dealings, and as Asquith was when he "handsomely" admitted that he took all responsibility for the Gallipoli disaster. That awful

COMMENTS
RLIAMENTARY ATMOSPHERE

SACKVILLE (ST.) AND ASHES

confession—that he had squandered in a futile enterprise, ending in a shameful failure, quarter of a million effective lives—was accepted as an expiation in the spirit that we accept a "*pardon, monsieur!*" from the Frenchman who treads on our toe.

⁂ ⁂

My moral is this: That so long as we breathe the "parliamentary atmosphere," we shall never win a war or anything else. The only weapon by which the public can keep politicians up to their duty is public censure, and public censure is just what no Minister nowadays ever fears he will get. If his offence is a trivial one, it is just hushed up; if it's a middle-sized one, it is categorically denied; if it is a big and undeniable one, it is publicly and tearfully apologised for, and the House says "splendid" and offers "sympathetic cheers."

⁂ ⁂

The argument in favour of the Pemberton-Billing type of Person is that he is completely non-Parliamentary, and much as I disapprove of Mr. Ginnell, his loud, deep bellow of "Huns" when he heard of the shooting of the rebel ringleaders did impart at least an air of reality to the Birrell proceedings. It was the voice of an excited, if misguided, human being, not a suppressed automaton.

When *will* Cromwell reappear? V. C.

Daylight Saving

So the Government has decided to rob us of—or, rather, to borrow from us—one precious hour of our lives. In other words, Daylight Saving is to come into force from next Sunday, in the small hours of which the clocks will be advanced an hour. When, in the middle of the eighteenth century, the Government, in order to adjust the calendar, robbed the nation of eleven whole days, crowds paraded the streets crying "Give us back our eleven days." I don't anticipate any repetition of that agitation. The Government are at liberty, if they like, to rob us of any number of hours, days, or weeks, at their discretion, taken out of the present period of grace.

⁂ ⁂

As it is, however, we get back our lost hour next October. On a certain night, midnight will be suddenly converted into eleven o'clock. Under peace-time licensing conditions, that might be a joy-night to some misguided people. As it is, the prospect of another hour of cabbageade or cauliflower-cup, in even the choicest of "night clubs," will leave us cold. Another little item which should surely be taken into account in connection with this advancing of the clock is the position of dwellers in the Zep area in the Eastern Counties. At present it is regarded as safe to retire to one's bed if no news of a raid is to hand by eleven o'clock. What's going to happen when eleven o'clock becomes ten? Either the Zeps must conform to the provisions of the new Bill or Eastern County dwellers will appeal for exemption.

(Continued on page 238)

DISTRESSING EFFECTS OF BIRRELL'S APOLOGIA

CARSON: "Oh! John, me bhoy!—Did ye iver hear anything half so beautiful in all yer loife?!!"

REDMOND: "Yes! Yes! I know! I know! Edward, me bhoy—but you musn't ghive way loike this!! Ye must help *me* to be strong and brave!!"

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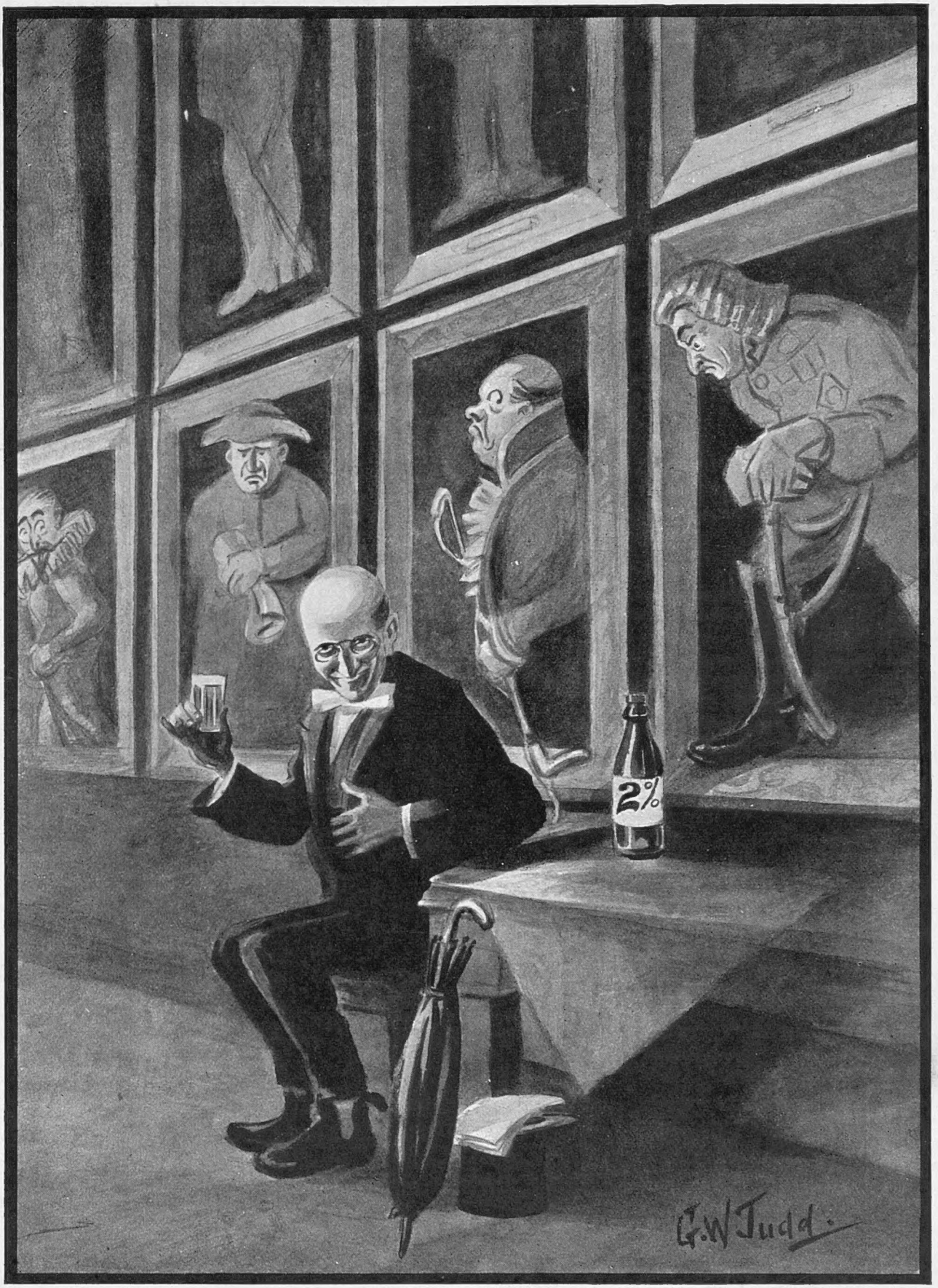
Not the Spirit of His Forefathers



Suggested outcome of the Government's proposal to restrict the alcoholic strength of beer to two per cent.

(*With apologies to a famous poster*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 235)

Not Too Old At Fifty

CAPTAIN AMERY is doing good work in pressing for the raising of the service age to fifty. This will remove a long cherished grievance on the part of the large number of zealous super-patriots who have hitherto been reluctantly compelled to confine their activities to the speeding-up of their juniors. Club arm-chairs will now be emptied of some of the leading war experts, and those who go to clubs will now have to do without their usual guidance on the principles of strategy and statecraft.

❀ ❀

Juvenile Editors

SOME very important London editorial chairs will have to be vacated, the occupants of many of them being strapping young fellows well within the new military age. How the poor Coalition will get on when *that* happens I really dare not think.

❀ ❀

The Army's Gain

I AM terribly nervous, again, as to some of the loudest and most violent of our newspaper strategists, most of whom are revealed by that unpleasant book, "Who's Who," to be well under fifty. Sunday will be a dull day if Captain Amery's scheme comes off. The reading public will have to go short of countless columns of brightness, buoyancy, and blasphemy. The public's loss, however, will be the Army's gain, for if these gentlemen only display in the trenches the militarist zeal they have displayed at their desks, the war should be won within a week of their arrival at the Front.

MR. LEWIS HARCOURT

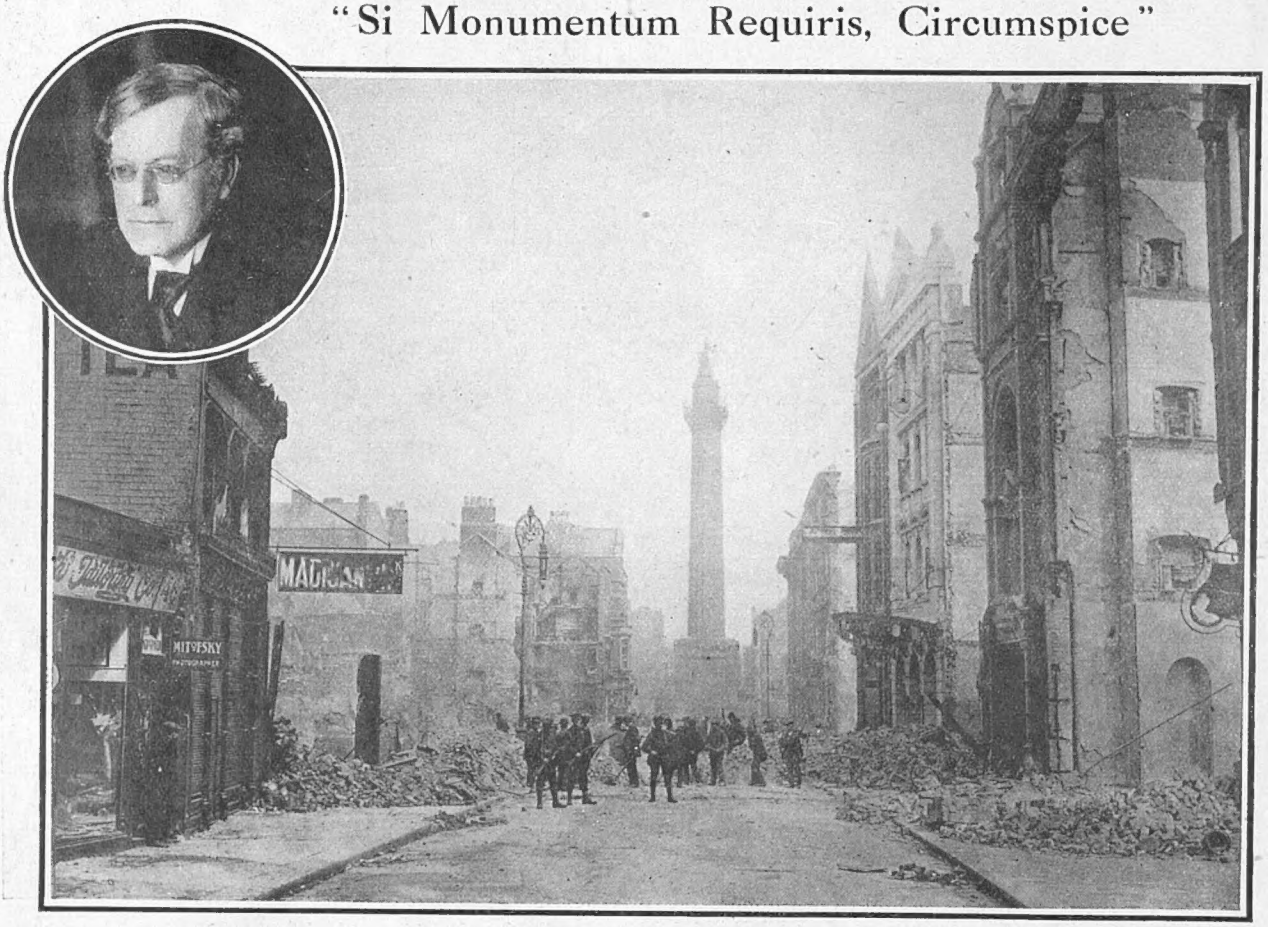
Whose appointment as Chief Secretary for Ireland is regarded as probable. His career as Secretary of State for the Colonies under the Liberal Government was uniformly successful. He combines great personal charm with some firmness of character

❀ ❀

The Uncounted Countess

A POLISH reader writes to say he is very much amused at the references to the "Countess" Markiewicz. The name being one of the commonest in Poland, it is *not* in the nobility, and in Polish ears sounds as ludicrous as would Count Smith or Baron Jones in ours.

"Si Monumentum Requiris, Circumspice"



"If you seek his monument look around," the words inscribed on Wren's tomb in St. Paul's Cathedral might fittingly be inscribed in the ruined streets of Dublin in honour of the departing Chief Secretary, Mr. Birrell

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *May* 8, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN—

I THOUGHT it amusingly typical of London in war-time—the Academy Private View. Outside Burlington House the world in upheaval—Kut surrendering, Ireland revolting, the Government wobbling, Zepps marauding, the Hun harassing, and in France and in the East, by land and sea and air, fighting such as before the war existed only in our baddest dreams and suffering and hardship, and all the bitterness of this most bitter war.

⁂ ⁂

BUT just off Piccadilly, out of the hurly-burly, beyond that wide courtyard where the motors and the taxis rolled in just as ever, peace and pigments, property and plenty reigned supreme. War pictures there are, of course, but, as someone said, "I've seen better in the papers, and the tremendous unrealities of paint and canvas and gilded frames seemed more unreal than ever somehow, brought into line and contrast with the throbbingly real reality of War. And there was the same old crowd in the same new clothes, come to see and to be seen, saying the same old things in the same old way, the *poseurs* posing away, the painters and the painted peering poignantly at their own pictures, and a bit of a rush to get the business through before lunch at Prince's or tea at the Carlton or Rumpelmayer's.

⁂ ⁂

MERIT gathered its reward as in a sort of heady thankfulness, successful Chelsea hobnobbed happily with patronising Mayfair, where the portrait-sitters come from. The young, the brave, the fair were mostly absent, but in rows arrived the also-rans. I don't suppose you have them over there—the once fair, still slim women who in the days when those things were done, trailed greeny gowns and miles of beads, and even sometimes sandals and "Liberty" hats, around the sheltered ways of Kensington and Chiswick and places.

"—Successful Chelsea hobnobbed happily with patronising Mayfair——"

AND once again, same as in peace-time, the picture of the year's a portrait. A soldier? A munitions-maker? An airman? Or even a war-profiteer?—not a bit of it! *Much* more British. It's an Earl, a real Earl, immaculate almost *beyond* conception. Sitting up like a little gentleman, he makes you realise that England stands where she did, after all. And he's quite beautifully painted by *the* fashionable portraitist—Orpen. Altogether a very pleasing, pacifying show, with a few quite lovely pictures among the others, and only a few hundreds or so less than usual 'cos of the war.

"That's another reason for not transmitting my silhouette"

⁂ ⁂

I DON'T think the parsonages and the mere populace rolled in quite so persistently as usual upon May Day and after, but perhaps that was the war-tax and also, of course, unlike the Private Viewers, these are they who really have felt the war—incomes counted only in hundreds, and earned at that, feel the draught a whole heap more than the "thousand" ones, whose owners, after all, tread halcyon paths, where all the *little* worries simply aren't. *Too* funny, of course, lots of people think, having an Academy at all in times like these. But I suppose it gives some people something to do, and I suppose that's something.

⁂ ⁂

WHICH reminds me, the stickiest Government on record's still sticking—if it weren't so frightfully serious it'd really be very amusing, wouldn't it? But there aren't any tea-parties on the Terrace yet, which looks as if they had, anyway, heard about the war, doesn't it? And it's agreed by all who understand the Irish temperament at all that it was just a bit of dam bad luck that those tiresome Sinn Feiners, or whatever they call themselves, should have chosen as a suitable time to revolt, *the* very moment when the Army had gone racing to Fairyhouse. "Tactless" and "Just like 'em" was some Irish sporting criticism given me at dinner last night, and as for Mr. Birrell—well, now that he has really gone, it'll give him more time for his rôle as a perfectly *sweet* chairman at Poetry Afternoons and charity teas and things.

⁂ ⁂

SHAKESPEARE Week went off as well as could be expected, thank you, but you know what people are—not really *good* about Shakespeare, even when there's nothing more exciting in the offing. And last

(*Continued on page 240*)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 238)

week, what with Ireland as aforesaid and also the war and the Government being so tiresome, and Newmarket, and the lovely weather—well, perhaps, the Bard fell a tiny bit flat now and then. But indoor things have a way of doing that, I find, when spring comes wantoning. You have to shut the windows *very* tight to forget about it, and even books lose some of their fascination when the open book of the world is so entrancingly lovely as it is in England now.

"The poseurs posing away in the same old way"

* *

To return, though, to Shakespeare, Royalty, anyway, I should think, has hardly suffered so much of England's poet in its lifetime as it sedately sat through at the great commemoration performance at Drury Lane, in which, as I was interested to read, "the plays were selected with the view of introducing as many prominent actors and actresses as possible." They're generally so *very* "variety," the Charity shows patronised by the Very Great, and if there *is* something serious like Cammaerts doing "Carillon" or Bernhardt a dying-soldier scene, it's always well sandwiched between perfect masses of Robey and Graves and Grossmith and Tate and other screaming delights, while I'm sure the five-guinea-stallites and the hundred-guinea-boxites would fall about the place in faints if you gave 'em even a *quotation* from Shakespeare.

* *

At last week's show, though, even the music was of the period, or, anyway, as near to it as such moderns as Sullivan and Mr. Edward German and Mr. Hamilton Harty and Mr. Norman O'Neill and Sir Thomas Beecham can humanly be expected to arrive. But I fear a few anachronisms crept in. Mary Anderson as Lady Macbeth, for instance, wore such a fluffy thing in nighties in her out-damned-spot scene at the Old Vic that a serious Shakespearian critic was moved to protest, to inquire, indeed, whether in fact Lady Macbeth indulged in nighties at all, anyway *crêpe de Chine* or *chiffon* ones. And then the distinctly *bathed* appearance of all the actors. To be grossly pedantic, people *didn't* wash, much less bathe themselves all over, in the days of the Virgin Queen.

* *

There's plenty of cheek in the Services, isn't there? And some of the cheeky ones are very very nice ones, too, judging by some of the photographs the postman brings. However. . . .

Yes, mine's in request, too, of course, but my idea's that where ignorance is bliss, etc., so it doesn't travel. But they do ask *very* nicely. Thus: "We, *the* 'subs' of the above battalion read your letter every week, several times over, in fact, and there's always a 'rough house' for The Bystander when it arrives in this arid desert called a camp. We are sure you must be a charming lady, so will you send us your photograph to hang in our ante-room, but, for the Lord's sake, Blanche dear, don't publish abroad the name of the regiment. Otherwise the C.O., perusing our epistle, might think that time hangs heavily on our hands, and add to the burden of our already o'er-harassed existence." Which I wouldn't do for *worlds*, of course. We all know, don't we, how they overwork the poor dear things? In fact, that's another reason for not transmitting my silhouette, though silhouettes are fashionable—brain fever might set in!

* *

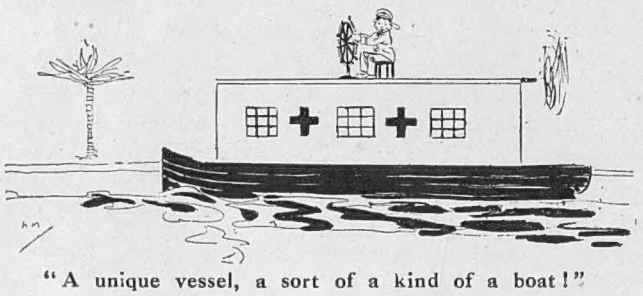
From the further East a little grumble—"Here we are with no 'short leave,' no delightful parcels, no nuffinks bar sand and where, oh! Blanche, do we come in? In this blinking country the historical fig-leaf would be valued cover (by the way, Eve cannot be blamed if she lived anywhere near here, and they say she did, poor girl). It's just one great level desert land for miles and miles and miles.

* *

"Shorts and shirt sleeves and a big solar topée is all we wear, and our nourishment is brackish water and bully beef. Oh, Blanche, that bully beef! Can't you send us a nice sole, shall we say? *Anything*, bar bully, and something chinking in a great big long glass.

* *

"Of course, we have our 'blue and gold paladins,' mostly *minus* the blue and gold, true, but the working parts intact. Also a unique vessel which is a sort of a kind of a boat. The figure on the top is the sportsman who runs it. The thing behind is an aeroplane propeller, which pushes the creature along somehow or other. It generally misses fire about one in three—the engine, I mean, not the propeller; but it goes like smoke anywhere and everywhere to pick up wounded, and some people say it flies. Apropos, have you heard the story of the brass-hat who was wounded? But no, on second thoughts. . . ."



"A unique vessel, a sort of a kind of a boat!"

With love, yours ever, Blanche

Two Brides and a Bride-Elect

Camera Portrait *Hugh Cecil*

MRS. W. R. DE WEND FENTON

Née Miss Marjorie Dunn, only daughter of Brigadier-General Dunn and Mrs. Dunn, of The Althrey, Flintshire. Her marriage with Major W. R. de Wend Fenton, Lancashire Hussars, took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, on April 26

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

THE NEW COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND

Whose marriage to the Earl of Westmorland took place at Herne Bay on April 22. She was formerly Miss Catherine Geale, elder daughter of the Rev. John Geale and Mrs. Geale, of Herne Bay

Photograph *Rita Martin*

COUNTESS NADA TORBY

Younger daughter of the Grand Duke Michael, of Russia, and a niece of the Grand Duke Nicholas. She is to marry Prince George of Battenberg, R.N., son and heir of Prince Louis of Battenberg

The Week-End Habit

NEED FOR A MINISTERIAL SEVEN-DAY WEEK

"The Prime Minister left Town yesterday (Saturday) morning for his usual week-end in the country."

SCARCELY a week elapses but we read this cheery little notice in our *Observer* or *Sunday Times*, and as we read it (ourselves spending *our* usual week-end in the country) we snort and say something rather offensive about the way these politicians fiddle while Rome is burning.

⁂ ⁂

WHEN the national frivolity and slackness and extravagance is said, in Press and on platform, to be losing us the war, it is preposterous to be reminded week after week of Parliament adjourning from Thursday until Tuesday, and to know, for a certain fact, that Whitehall during the "week-end" is generally as free from right honourables as Iceland from snakes, and that when a Minister is in Town on a Saturday or a Sunday, at his office, the fact is regarded as so noteworthy that tongues are set wagging as to its meaning.

"Hullo, what's up? Grey was at the F.O. yesterday—Saturday!" or "I say, the P.M. was at Downing Street till late Friday night. Another crisis, I suppose."

⁂ ⁂

THE war has now been on for twenty-one months. Otherwise, for ninety-one weeks. The working week consisting of three and a half days only, that means that ninety-one half-weeks which might have been devoted to high thinking and hard working have not been so devoted: that 318½ days of this war have been practically wasted, so far as high direction is concerned. Think of it! Three hundred and eighteen days and a half that might have been devoted by Twenty-Three High Brows to weaving plans for the destruction of the Hun have been devoted to—other things. It happens to be the case that some of the enemy's lightning strokes by land, sea, and air have been delivered at week-ends. The news of them has been broken to my right honourable friend on the tennis courts, golf links, moors, and river-banks, and he has had to hurry up to Town to see about it—"too late."

⁂ ⁂

MUCH of the too-lateness urged against his week-ending colleagues by Mr. Week-Ender Lloyd George has undoubtedly been due to week-ending. I am a week-ender myself, I admit, by the will of Heaven, and if I charge Ministers with the bad habit it is in the spirit of the pot calling the kettle black—a very small pot and a very big kettle. I charge Ministers with not having set me and my fellow-week-enders an example by themselves ending this disastrous bad habit.

⁂ ⁂

IT is a thoroughly bad habit, this week-ending one of Mr. Asquith's and mine. The great business of war ought not to be a Tuesday to Friday business, subject to constant adjournment and resumption; it ought to be eternally occupying us. Positively I don't think that the preposterous Bethmann Hollweg, and Tirpitz, and Hindenburg adjourn from Friday to Tuesday. Nor does our Ally, M. Briand. Only in England is the week-end a fixed habit, which the world-war has not succeeded in breaking.

⁂ ⁂

NOW, it would be a very good thing if the world-war could be brought to a victorious conclusion while there are still a few people left alive to carry on, and if the abandonment of week-ends could advance that Happy and Glorious Day, ought they not to be abandoned? If the statesman's working year could be the full 365 days instead of half that number, the duration of the war might be reduced by one half. Ought they not to give the seven-day week a trial?

⁂ ⁂

IF certain Ministers are conscientious objectors, and desire to observe the Seventh Day according to the Scriptures, appeals for exemption would no doubt be considered, provided such Ministers were able to produce satisfactory proofs of previous habitual observance of the said Sabbath. . . . (Yes, a few dots, Mr. Printer, thank you.)

GROGNEUR

DR. KAISER: "On no account, Nurse, must she know the real state of her health. The shock would certainly kill her"

The Order In Council

CHORUS OF "FREE" PRESS:—"Hush! hush!! hush!!! here comes the Bogey Man"

The Royal Academy

MODERN REALITY AND PAGAN PASTORALS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

Nearly 2,000 Exhibits

SOME people have wondered how it is that there are so many artists left to send their work to Burlington House. For it is known that this profession of painting has given its youth and its best to the war. But dig deeply into the catalogue, and you find the causes. The first is there are a good many women artists in the world, although there have only been two such members of the Academy, and they were long, long ago. I wonder if you know how many ladies exhibit at the R.A. this year—many of them two or three works. I should not have guessed; but

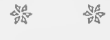
LITTLE JUNE

Daughter of H. Tripp-Edgar, Esq., by Herbert Draper, who shows another excellent portrait this year, but no subject pictures

HAZEL, IN BLACK AND GOLD. BY JOHN LAVERY, A.R.A.

Among many beauties, the most beautiful portrait in the Academy

I have wasted some hours counting them for, I hope, your delectation. There are four hundred and twenty-two—and a very brave show, too.



Ladies, Please

MRS. LAURA KNIGHT fulfils the modern, and, I think, often tasteless, desire for crude and violent colour. Her "Spring," I suppose in Cornwall, is the sort of blaze which fatigues the onlooker and often delights the painter. To be in a gallery with it is like hearing an enormous organ admirably played in a small room. But her smaller work, "The Harbour," is full of delight. Miss D. W. Hawksley has a fine picture based on the antique art of Japan in "Mors Janua Vitæ, 1915," and Miss Ethel Wright's masterly style is brought into the sentiment of to-day in "The Keepsake." Miss Edith Lawrence makes a bold bid for fame in "Young Women: Portrait Group, 1916," but it does not please, nor does it tell the story of womanhood and the year 1916 as is, perhaps, intended. Miss Airy has the jolliest possible picture in "Autumn Treads Where Summer Ran." The bright-eyed, lively, everyday children who dance

ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES (continued)

"THE FORTUNE OF WAR." BY FRED ROE

and tumble between the classic seasons are of our time and country, cleverly grouped, boldly painted. The immortal figures of Summer and Autumn are pleasantly conceived. It is not a revel exactly, but it is far nearer one than the so-called "Spring Revel" of Mr. R. Anning Bell, A.R.A., in which are concentrated the affectations of a dozen periods. Miss Beatrice Adams treats the interior of the "Tate Gallery" with considerable freshness and charm. Miss Alice Tanner (Mrs. Taite) sends three pictures, respectively of land, and sea, and garden. The first, of the fountains and wide vista at Hampton Court, is a delightful and decorative treatment of an engaging subject; the "Smack Lowering Her Peak in a Squall Off Clacton" has the true tang of the sea, and the "Ploughing at Faringdon" shows that it is difficult to take Miss Tanner out of her element. Mrs. Marianne Stokes sends a charming "Cupid and Goldfish," and Miss Madeline Green a clever picture, "The Girl's Début." I have noted about one hundred interesting, if not epoch-making, pictures by women this year. But I could only give a catalogue, and that you will have in the ordinary way.

⁂ ⁂

Pictures that Tell a Story

If you like that sort of thing well done the R.A. can supply you with plenty this year. Although there is certainly a slight touch of coarseness in his social studies, Mr. Edgar Bundy walks plainly in the first rank of painters in this class of work. His dinner-table comedy of "The Doctor Forbids," a second glass of port, will delight the lover of such things if he be not too critical. The same artist's "Progressive Bridge" represents the overfed, silly side of English life with perfect candour, as direct as Hogarth, if not as intentional. The Hon. John Collier is quite straightforward and bald in his "The New Member"—a sort of flashlight photograph in colour. Mr. Seymour Lucas has a quiet tale to tell in a well-known manner, entitled "The New Spinet," and Mr. William Strang gives us a rather modern-looking story of old in "The Queen of Sheba." Mr. Byam Shaw's "The Arrested Spear" is an elaborate effort for so gifted an artist and humorist. But there are others of a more attractive style, such as Mr. Clausen's sincere and pathetic "Youth Mourning" or Mr. Frank Dicksee's "The Avenger."

⁂ ⁂

Portraiture

The best pictures of people are always admirable decorations provided, of course, you permit them enough space. This year Mr. Orpen is easily first, and stands forth a modern master in his particular form of portraiture. Mr. P. A. de László, who is not exhibiting, is admirably painted by Mr. Cope, R.A., who also shows a sound and highly interesting piece of work in his "Ivor Ferguson, Esqre." Mr. Sargent has no portraits, only two decorative designs, "Archers" and "Bacchanal;" neither will add to

(Continued on page 246)

ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES (continued from page 245)

NURSE CAVELL. BY SIR GEORGE FRAMPTON, R.A.

his great reputation, but the first increases the onlooker's delight in his work. Mr. J. J. Shannon and Mr. Charles Shannon, Mr. Harold Speed, Mr. Bigland, Mr. Greiffenhagen, Mr. G. Kelly, and even Mr. Sant, who paints himself at the age of ninety-six, and a dozen others have excellent portraits, some of which are reproduced in THE BYSTANDER. Beautiful women and brave men are on every side.

❀ ❀

Non-War Pictures

OF the pictures which are only vaguely, if at all, of the war warlike, the delicate "Clio and the Children, 1915," by Mr. Charles Sims, tells of the utter sadness of the present history, while Mr. Clausen's fine "Filling Sacks" leads us away from a subject which is just a little over-worked. Mr. Brangwyn, A.R.A., has an old-masterly "Poulterer's Shop," with more colour in it than most shops one has hoped to know, and Mr. Patrick Adam is one of many artists this year who paints with exquisite skill the interiors of charmingly arranged rooms—without the addition of the human or other animal.

Sculpture

THERE are always many interesting works in the rooms used by the sculptors, but somehow you will not find them crowded, perhaps it is the arrangement of the groups and figures, perhaps the monumental feeling which overhangs the "Lecture Room." But here and there you will find plenty of lively and vivid, if not highly important, work. The "Lilith" is a charmingly conceived statuette by Mr. Alfred Drury, and there is an admirable "Watcher," by Mr. Henry S. Tuke, and a clever group of dead mother and child in Mr. Nicholson Babb's "A Zeppelin Triumph." "The Titanic" memorial by Sir Thomas Brock is compact of dignity and grace, and some of the portraiture, such as the bronze bust by Mr. Derwent Wood of "Lieut.-Col. Bruce Porter," is far above the average. You will find a fine "Carved Head" by Miss Stabler and a romantic and vigorous bronze group, "The Grapes," by A. J. Oakley. Mr. Small shows a composition of "Harpy, Eagle and Fawn," which is as strong as early Japanese work, and the Countess Feodora Gleichen gives us a gay "Baby Satire." As you come in and out of Burlington House you will be reminded that there are sculptors among us, for Sir Goscombe John's fine statue of King Edward VII. boldly dominates the courtyard. EGAN MEW

BEFORE THE DAWN. BY FRED ROE

(By permission of W. H. Veno, Esq., Manchester)

ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES (concluded)

The Sentiment of the War

MOTHER OF HEROES. BY W. RUSSELL FLINT

MATER DOLOROSA BELGICA. BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.

These two pictures show, from very different points of view, the tender, poetic, tragic side of battles

NEW AFTER-WAR TYPES

The Man About Town

WILL HE REVIVE AFTER THE WAR?

WE have always had our "Man About Town," and we shall continue to do so. (Loud cheers from the tailors, bootmakers, and all who minister to the expensive super-fine!) But stay the premature ovation! The man will remain with us, but his setting will be transformed out of recognition. His dress will no longer eat up a small fortune; his restaurant expenditure will be divided by ten at least; his park hacks will be delights of the past; his motor-cars—but why should I pursue the descent of man magnificent?—in a word the man will remain, but his ancient, reckless riotous glory will be snatched from him.

NOR will he complain! He was ever a quick-change artist. In the old time he was nothing if not the slave of Fashion, and Fashion, as everyone knows, changes as quickly as the weather. Indeed, in the coming period of upheaval the Man about Town will adapt himself more easily than anyone else. And he will be infinitely more diverting when he relies for his attractiveness on his ingenuous self than he was in those tiresome days when money did so much speaking for him and clothes, for the most part, did the rest.

THE Man about Town—one finds his counterpart in the desert, in the jungle; indeed, everywhere under the sun—is a social institution and absolutely necessary. He has the strange genius to be in the right place in the right sort of clothes at the right time, and to do the right thing quite nicely and say the right thing, or, better still, be rightly silent. You will notice that I insist on the product of the highest grade. I leave sternly out of count the spurious imitators who lolled about the cheaper restaurants, and rode hired hacks (and did not sit them well); who went to the second-rate race-meetings in other folks' cars. These gentlemen were as extravagant in their gestures as they were in the hues of their socks. When they attempted languor they only achieved listlessness. If we have lost *them* as the result of the war we have gained much.

WE shall realise the true distinction between the two orders of "Men About Town" when we understand that the correct prototype was not a pleasure-seeker, but a pleasure-giver. He was, indeed, a central figure in the Pageant of Pleasure, and without his presence and guidance disaster would befall the play. He was not merely a complete gentleman, but a very accomplished one; and he would be as charming and helpful at a country rector's garden-party in September as he was at my Lady Godiva's Berkeley Square dance in May.

A CURTAILED income will throw him further on himself. He will say farewell to luxury with a swift eye for some compensating discovery. I am hoping that he will find it in a rich sense of humour. The departure of the denizens of Park Lane to Kensington, or, perhaps, to Bayswater, must never be made the subject of an epic. Our Dowagers will never take kindly to motor-'buses if we weep over their lost grandeur. We must greet them with quips and cranks and merry jests. We must spare no effort to make them feel at home.

OF course, there will be some thrilling confrontations (no other word will quite describe the awesomeness) when my lady, for instance, finds herself sitting next her one-time butler. Smithson, the cheery scoundrel, has retired on the fortune which he and his large family amassed out of munition-making. He, on his part, on the instant will be shockingly obsequious and will drop his cigar. She will stiffen and search the skies. But the next moment they will have shaken hands most cordially, and she will be gratefully repeating the address of the pretty little house at Richmond and making a note of dear Mrs. Smithson's "At Home" day.

AT these pleasant gatherings the Man About Town will surpass himself. He will be the conductor of a fascinating human orchestra, and produce harmony all the time. He will put the loud laughter folk into far corners and deaden their explosives with relays of food. He will reconcile "high life" what was, with gently simmering and carefully subdued suburbanism. And when it is all over he will, we may be sure of it, dodge his lost legions on to the right 'buses and make his courtly farewells at their humble doors. And he will never, never call on washing days.

IN those days the war will never be spoken of nor the lost splendours of other times. When "high tea"—and not so very high, either—takes the place of the dinner of many courses the one thought will be to find wit and humour to replace the sparkle of the wines that are missing. Sustained merriment will become a fine art and amusing scandal a social virtue. Bright Mr. Jones will be a lion of the tea-fights, while dull Lord Stupidtown will be left dismally at home.

I FEAR that this is something of an extravaganza. It is simply too good to come true. We shall have delightful changes beyond doubt, and we must all insist that they shall be delightful. I have always contended that Poverty was finely invigorating—for other people. Which of you, I ask, has ever chanced on a melancholy newspaper lad or a cheerful millionaire? Most of us would never work at all unless we were compelled to, and we should lose the delight of a thousand little pleasures if we had money enough and to waste.

FOR'ARD ON

A "Missing" Sportsman

Photograph *Yevonde*

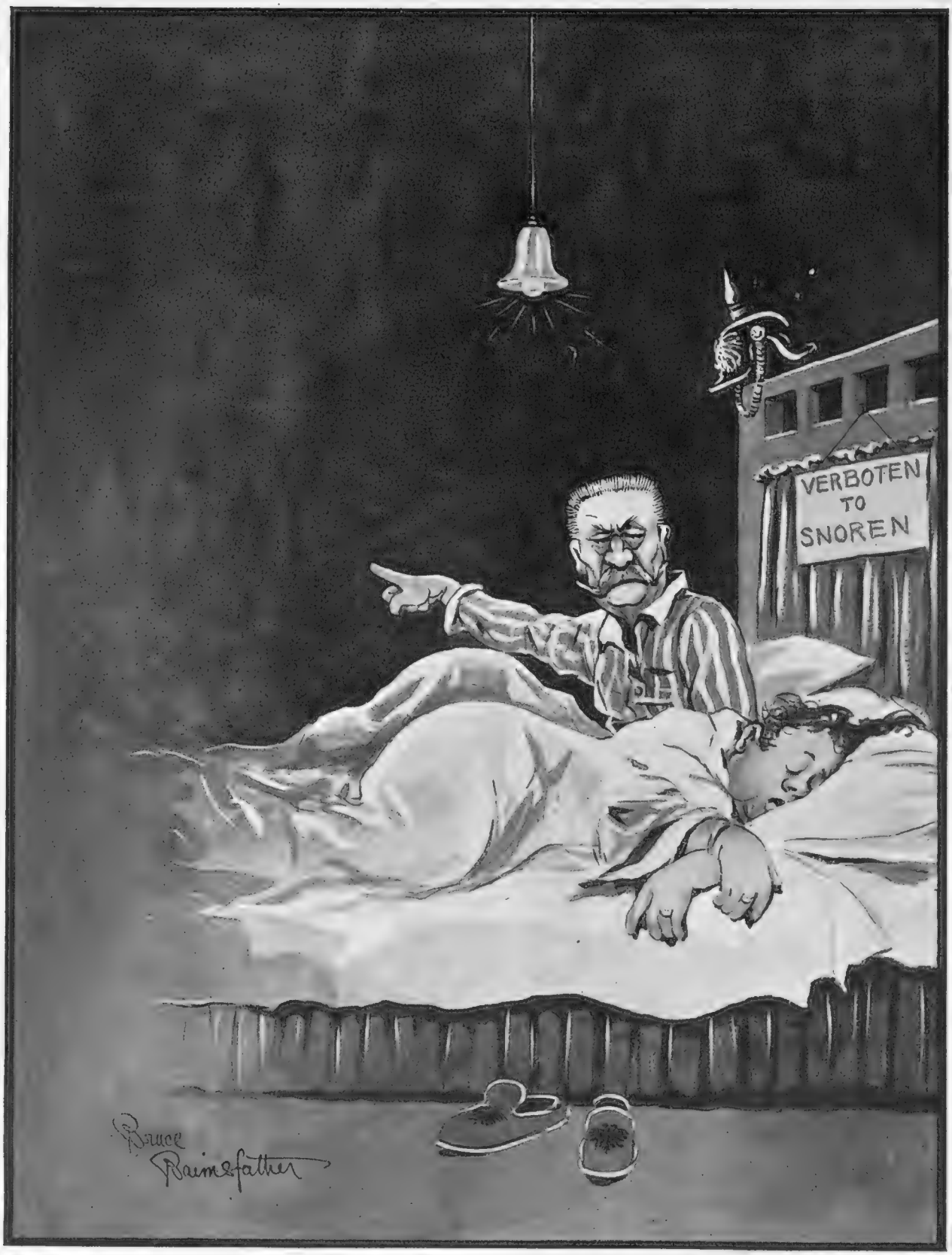
CAPTAIN LESLIE CHEAPE OF THE DRAGOON GUARDS

Photograph *Sport and General*

CAPTAIN CHEAPE AS A POLO PLAYER

THAT Capt. Leslie Cheape is reported missing will be the cause of great regret to all who know this dashing soldier and great polo player. I hope that he and his gallant Yeomanry comrades, overwhelmed by numbers as they were in their outlying post, have experienced no worse fate than that of falling into the hands of the Turks. Leslie Cheape will always be remembered for the prominent part he took in regaining for England the coveted America Polo Cup. After the narrow failures of Capt. Hardress Lloyd and the Duke of Westminster, many good judges of the game declared that America would retain the polo trophy as long as she has held the yachting trophy. But a team of hard-riding, hard-hitting soldiers, well-mounted and equipped by Lord Wimborne, proved equal to lowering the colours of the Big Four at Meadow Brook. Those who saw the exciting struggles will not forget the heroic work of Capt. Leslie Cheape, who is certainly one of the most brilliant men in the galloping game that ever swung a stick. After the war America will make a big effort to regain the Cup, and we shall want some men of the Leslie Cheape standard if we are to retain the Cup at Hurlingham. Polo has suffered many severe losses in this devastating conflict. "Rivy" and Francis Grenfell, Noel Edwards, and many more brilliant players have played their last game. The army will probably give us many youngsters to take their places when sport is resumed, but the memory of the good polo men who have fallen will never be effaced at Hurlingham and Ranelagh

A Fragment From—Germany



HINDENBURG (home on week-end leave): "Look here, Frau H., if you want to stick nails into anything there's my statue outside"

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

On French Leave—in Paris

DIVERTISSEMENT AT A DISCOUNT. BY "JACK JOHNSON."

IT must be wonderful in London now, with all the new revues in full blast and the latest night clubs, supper haunts, and the like, and I see that Blanche declares that "the craze for dancing grows and grows, and there isn't even much shortage of men now that Lord French keeps a standing army in England. . . . Anyway, they can't do it in Paris, can they?—where colours aren't done, nor revues, nor dances (in fact, dances shock them), nor *le bridge*, nor the *musicale*, nor anything?" You have guessed right, Blanche. Another amazing example of woman's intuition. "*Rien faisant*" is the motto in Paris. I know because I have just been there on a few days leave.

ONE thing that strikes you on a railway journey nowadays in France is the extraordinary kindness shown by the engine-driver to his train. He is the soul of thoughtfulness and consideration; a thorough gentleman. There is none of that goading the thing along at a swaying, breakneck speed as in the bad old days of peace. He believes in resting his train as often as he possibly can. It is an admirable spirit. Not only will he rest it at every station along the line, but also half way between most of them as well.

MY travelling companion was a fiery little Corsican sergeant *en route* for Ajaccio on a very short *permission*, which, unfortunately, counted from the time of leaving, and at every station he would jump out and tell the engine-driver what he would do to him when they got to Paris. Poor fellow. He seemed in such excellent health when we started out, yet when we dashed into the Gare du Nord at nearly three miles an hour he looked as if he was recovering from a long illness.

SPRINGTIME IN FLANDERS

"Personally, I think this is just what you want for laying your eggs in, but, as Bairnsfather says, 'If you knows of a better 'ole go to it'"

YES, it must be confessed that Paris is *triste*. But what would you? Paris is not England. The Parisian is not inclined to revel with the enemy installed in his country. No music charms the ear in the cafés now, the terpsichorean art is dead and gone, the cafés close at half-past ten, and be you never so thirsty at 10.45 there is no alternative but to hasten home and refresh the body from your bedroom jug.

AND sitting quietly in the Café de la Paix over after-dinner coffee served you by a waiter with galloping consumption, you find yourself musing sadly on the fate of the gay spruce *promeneurs* of olden times, *les messieurs* with the trim blonde beards and the fancy footwear, without whom the boulevards are boulevards merely in name. Their place has been taken by ill-shaped males and a throng of funny-looking men in weird attire, who might be anything, even Esperantists.

BUT there are amusements. You may go to the Bouffes Parisiens and laugh heartily at Mr. Raphael's clever adaptation of *Potash and Perlmutter*, which is the talk of the town, or it may be that the revue, "Ça Pousse," will intrigue you, or you may derive mental stimulus (as I did) from contemplating a somewhat stout lady balance herself precariously on a wire at Olympia or a talented gentleman performing incredible stunts on a bicycle at the Petit Casino in the Boulevard des Italiens, and performing them, as he says himself, *toujours avec élégance*.

WITH divertissement at a discount, the Parisian has learned to

(*Continued on page 252*)

ON FRENCH LEAVE—IN PARIS (concluded from page 251)

appreciate his cinema. The "Mysteries of New York" will hold him enthralled, Max Linder (who seems to have turned up again) will make him laugh quite merrily, and it seems he has also developed a regrettable taste for Italian drama films—kilometres long—of the boy violinist with black curly locks, who is knocked about by his cruel uncle, is sold to gipsies, who knock him about still worse, and is subsequently rescued by a wealthy old lady in a beautiful carriage and pair, to leap into fame as (apparently) the greatest performer on the violin the world has ever known. After two such dramas I set out on a determined and systematic search of all the cinemas for—you will never guess—Charlie Chaplin, and it was only after I had been two days in Paris, making fruitless inquiries, that I discovered that this amazing personality is known to France as Charlot.

❀ ❀

With life in Paris as it is, there came suddenly upon me a great yearning to go about and feast the eyes upon some of the architectural splendours of the town, a yearning which, I am ashamed to admit, has rarely assailed me before in Paris. Denied the hectic delights of Montmartre, I turned with gratitude to Napoleon's Tomb, and later to the Invalides, to gaze with satisfaction upon trophies of war wrested from the Huns. And so across the Tuileries, marvelling at the beauties of the Louvre as I sauntered, and wound up a happy day in restful appreciation of the evening sunlight streaming through the gorgeous multi-coloured windows of Notre Dame.

❀ ❀

Not even war can change the Bois and, though you may not believe me, Versailles remains still where it did. Here may be seen the happy *fileul*, crutches by his side, recounting tales of battle to his *marraine*, or assisted by his fair accomplice, struggling once again to accomplish the triumphs of earliest childhood.

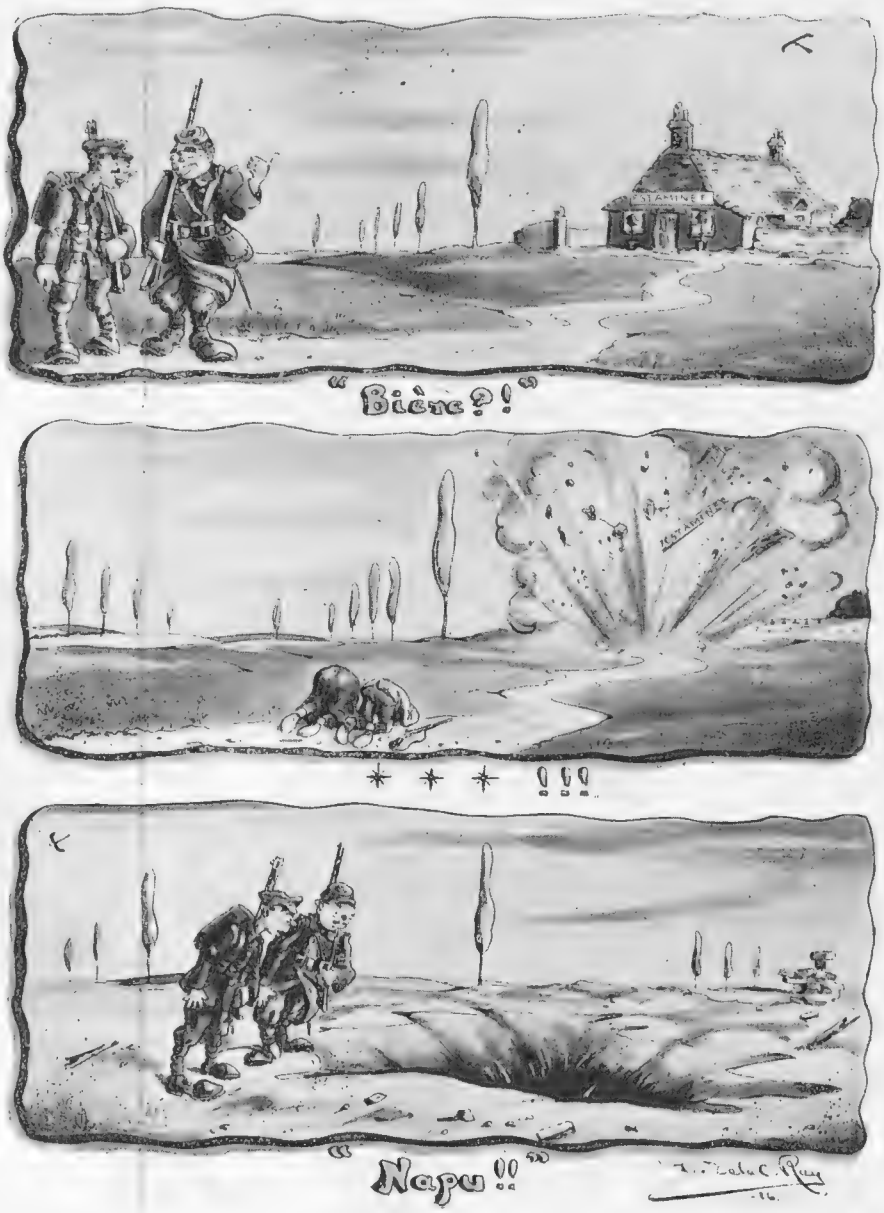
❀ ❀

I never realised before that Versailles can boast of three railway stations all to itself. Hurrying to catch the return train at 4.40 we arrived—my companion and I—at 4.43. "Never mind," we were told, "there is a train from the other station at 4.50—you can easily catch it." It was a long, long way to that station, and we arrived at precisely 4.52. "Never mind," we were told again, "there is a train from the other station at 5.1.—you can just catch it."

❀ ❀

And when we arrived in an exhausted condition at 5.3 and saw the last carriage rounding the bend in the line I went straight to the nearest telegraph office without a moment's hesitation and wired to my C.O. "Request that I may be granted extension of three days. Absolutely impossible to leave Versailles."

Jack Johnson



"NAPU": A WAR TRAGEDY IN THREE SCENES

By Major D. de la C. Ray

(The expression "Napu" is one of the words which our troops have coined in France. It means "Gone—Finished," and is, of course, a corruption of the French colloquialism, "Il n'y a plus")

"MORE FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

The Historical Touch

"Well, Alfred, 'ow are the cakes?"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

[*Captain Bairnsfather's sketches appear exclusively in "The Bystander" each week.*—ED.]

MR. HENRY AINLEY
As Marcus Antonius in "Julius Cæsar"

SIR FRANCIS BENSON
As Julius Cæsar

MISS ELLEN TERRY
As Portia in the "Merchant of Venice" tableau

MISS EVELYN MILLARD
As Calpurnia in "Julius Cæsar"

In the great Shakespeare Tercentenary matinée at Drury Lane Theatre on the 2nd inst.

How to Celebrate Shakespeare

A PLEA FOR BONA-FIDE BLOODSHED

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER

DEAR SIR--

IN our characteristic English way we have glossed over Shakespeare's Tercentenary without any attempt to discover why the condition of Shakespearean drama in England is so unsatisfactory. We rarely produce his plays at all, and, when we do, our actors and actresses spoil them by mouthing and ranting like persons possessed.

❋ ❋

AS a matter of fact, every serious student of Shakespeare and the English stage has long come to the conclusion that the neglect of our great dramatist is due:

(*a*) To our theatrical system in general and the vanity and incompetence of actors and actresses in particular.

(*b*) To the lack of realism with which his plays are presented.

❋ ❋

NOW I suggest, Sir, that your great influence be used to set right this sorry state of things. The remedy is perfectly simple. Firstly, as to the realism. We must not in strenuous times like these be content with making realism merely synonymous with a proper setting of the stage and a proper pronunciation of the English language. We must go farther and substitute for the puny theatrical brawls to which an effeminate tradition has reconciled us real manly fights, with hot red blood flowing freely to the footlights. We want no more mock-heroic deaths unduly prolonged in the limelight. The actor must die according to nature. With the carnage of Verdun before our eyes can we be satisfied with anything less?

❋ ❋

SO much for the purely artistic side of the matter. There remains the practical side, the choice of the play most suitable to our purpose. I suggest without hesitation *Titus Andronicus*. To begin with, it has never been performed in my lifetime, so far as I know. Thus its production, so long overdue, would be a peculiarly gracious compliment to the shade of our great dramatist. Moreover, in the provision of a holocaust of the male characters it compares not unfavourably even with *Hamlet* and other better known plays. I have reckoned that in two performances we should be rid (permanently) of every leading actor in London.

❋ ❋

BUT I confess the choice of *Titus* specially recommends itself to me from a sense of poetic justice. It is the only play to my knowledge wherein the heroine has her tongue cut out. What a revenge! What an appropriate fate-laden retribution. Not even that sentimental section of our pusillanimous public which pretends to find the killing of a woman revolting could have the slightest objection to such a delicious display. Needless to say that leading lady also would have to be changed at every performance.

Thus might the Shakespeare problem be solved. We should have made a clean sweep of tradition and be able to begin all over again—the best possible manner in which to commemorate anybody's Tercentenary.

Yours truly, CARNIFEX

Daly's Dainty Dimpled Divinities

TO BE SEEN IN THIS WEEK'S NEW PRODUCTION

MISS SYBIL MERTON

MISS GLADYS SQUIRE

Camera Portraits

MISS JOAN DONALDSON

E. O. Hoppé

MISS UNITY MORE MISS WINIFRED BARNES

Playgoers are looking forward expectantly to next Saturday, the happy day when these fair ladies will appear in "A Happy Day," the new play which will then be produced at Daly's Theatre

One of the most striking scenes in Mr. Cochran's Revue, "Half-past Eight," at the Comedy, is the "Black and Chintz" scene. Our photographs show Miss Monica Vance and Miss Millie Sim (centre) in three attractive attitudes

Fair Ministers to Merriment

MISS MARY GLYNNE
Who is playing the part of Lady Clarissa, the lady-love of "Dizzy's" Private Secretary, Lord Deeford, in "Disraeli" at the Royalty Theatre

MISS DOROTHY HANSON
Who is appearing in "Pick-a-Dilly," the new Revue at the London Pavilion

MISS MARIE HEMINGWAY
Who is appearing in the new play "Pen," produced by Sir George Alexander at the St. James's Theatre on Wednesday last

MISS MABEL FUNSTON
Who takes the part of Hope Darling in "Mr. Manhattan," the successful musical play at the Prince of Wales' Theatre

Photographs by Hugh Cecil, Rita Martin and Walshams

"CARRY ON!"

A BYSTANDER REVUE

[*In this Revue there will appear from time to time all the eminent, celebrated, and notorious persons of the day. The scenery will be continually changed to suit the crisis which happens to be on or the crime which happens to be committed. There will be many super-beauty choruses, lavish in charm and gesture, but severely economical in the matter of clothing. There will be no plot, but many conspiracies. Virtue will be vanquished and villainy will be victorious, as usual. The fun will always be at somebody's expense, and in this regard no expense and no person will be spared. The curtain will rise and fall as required, and as the Lord Chamberlain cannot interfere everybody may smoke.*]

❀ ❀

Scene I.: THE BAUBLE SHOP

[*Curtain rises and discovers a dense fog, which slowly disperses, revealing the Terrace of the House of Commons. Upon which the McKenna Beauty Chorus gaily fox-trot.*]

Chorus:

If our skirts are scanty
We are not to blame;
Regie's raised the anti,
Isn't it a game?
Bishops may be peevish
When such sights they see,
Yet our costumes Eve-ish
Are economee,
Just economee.

Exeunt Chorus Ladies

Enter a Crowd of Cloaked and Masked Figures

Chorus:

In a solemn session sitting making speeches sadly silly,
We've disclosed the cosmic causes why we're still a-chasing Willy.
We have faced the facts together and have sternly set our faces
Against any hasty action that would jeopardise our places.
We've decided to be silent lest the public get unruly
And upset our calculations, and distress us all unduly.
For reverses ought to cheer us, and disasters ought to brace us—
And besides there's this to think of, how on earth could you replace us?
How the deuce could you replace us?

❀ ❀

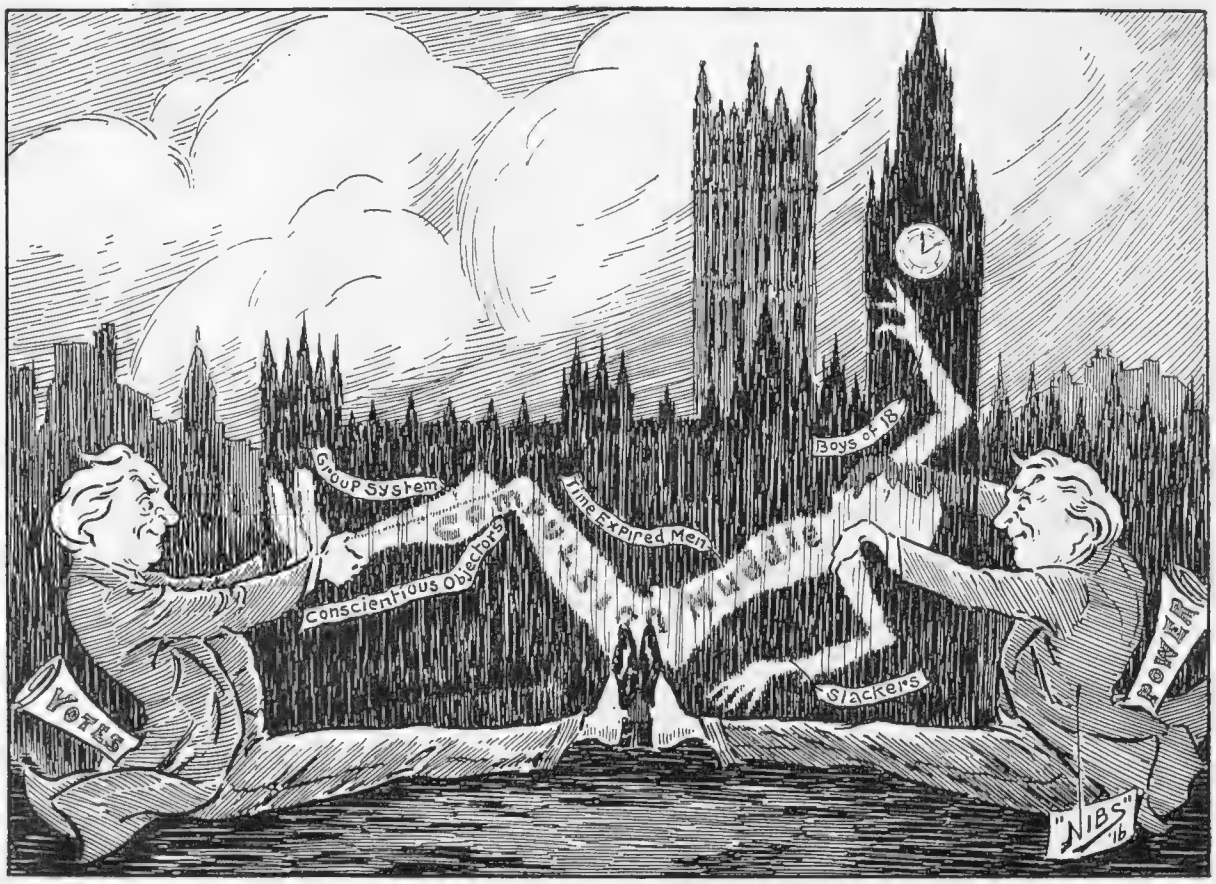
TRIO. By Three of the Party

Have you heard about our push—*the* Push?
Then keep it dark!
For good wine—oh—well, it doesn't need the bush,
So keep it dark!
You may reckon it in millions,
Billions, trillions, or quadrillions,
But—give figures to civilians?
Pooh! Keep 'em dark!

. . . .

Have you heard about the Zepps—big Zepps?
Then keep it dark!
Though we mean some day to think of taking steps,
But keep it dark!

(Continued on page 260)



DRAGGING "IT" THROUGH THE HOUSE ON THE "WAIT AND SEE" SYSTEM

Little Ironies of the War

UP AGAINST IT

SERGEANT: "Well, Pat, me son, how are ye getting on with the trench?"
PAT: "Shure, sergeant dear, I niver knew before what a harrud world this is!"

THE USUAL COMPLAINT

SUBURBANITE: "Well, what is it really like in the trenches?"
TOMMY: "Oh! it wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for the people over the way"

"CARRY ON" (*concluded from page 258*)

You may rest assured we're willing,
And intend to stop the killing,
But (whispers) a blighter name of Billing—
Oh, keep him dark!

. . . . .

Have you heard about the great blockade—
Then keep it dark!
And the time it took to cripple German trade—
Oh, keep it dark!
People say that it's been rotten,
Just 'cause copper, food, and cotton
Were by accident forgotten—
Oh, keep it dark!

. . . . .

GENERAL CHORUS:
Keep it dark! Keep it dark!
For a fire's often lighted by a spark.
And if no one knows the facts,
We can all defend our acts—
So keep 'em dark!
Keep 'em dark!!

. . . . .

[*As they sing the fog comes back again worse than ever, and when it clears the scene has changed to a pastoral spot somewhere in Utopia.*]

❀ ❀

SCENE II.: UTOPIA

[*Enter the* VENERABLE ARCHDEACON CHADBAND *and the* KAISER. *Arcades Ambo. They embrace.*]

DUET: "STOP THE WAR."

The ARCHDEACON *warbles:*

Dear friend, your pretty playful ways,
Your facial fungus heavenward turned,
Remind me of those dear old days,
Ere Hell got loose and Europe burned.
Those sacred memories keep me loyal
To you, whom worldlings called a bore—
Bores bore me not when they are Royal,
I'd hate to hurt you—Stop the War!

. . . . .

CHORUS (*in which both join*)
Oh, stop the war!
It's getting late,
It's getting hot,
And I'll be shot,
If I can wait—
So stop the war!

. . . . .

THE KAISER *bellows:*
Dear friend, I did not will it so,
I willed it very otherwise.
I've got a hold and can't let go,
Oh, make someone apologise.
I've won, you surely know I've won,
Then what are you still fighting for?
Who said you'd only just begun?
I'd hate to hurt you—Stop the War!

. . . . .

CHORUS:
Oh, stop the war!
Pray stop it, do,
It's getting late,
And I should hate
To see it through—
So stop the war.

[*As no one stops it they go off sadly arm in arm.*]

—•••—

[*Enter a celebrated male impersonator in khaki.*]

SONG: "PERCY THE PACIFIST"

Percy was a Pacifist, a Conscientious Knut,
Percy never swore at all, his strongest word was "tut!"
So, when they came recruiting to the neighbourhood select,
Where Percy lived in comfort, Percy shouted: "I object!"

. . . . .

I object! I object!
I conscientiously object!
So peculiar my nerve is
I should hate combatant service,
And as for strafing Huns—
Oh, I object! I object!

. . . . .

But the Army fancied Percy and they fetched him right away;
To join a non-combatant corps, all on an April day;
But when poor Percy saw that corps, made up of the elect,
He clutched the Sergeant-Major's arm and shouted: "I object!"

. . . . .

I object! I object!
I conscientiously object!
You may think I'm going barmy,
But I'd rather join the Army—
And as for joining these,
Oh, I object! I object!

[*Dance and curtain.*]

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST

LADY ARTIST (looking at statue to King Edward in the Quadrangle of R.A.): "What a shame, after the trouble the poor sculptor had to bring it here, and then not to allow it in the Academy"

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LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Pick-a-dilly" at the London Pavilion

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

A REVUE is seen at its best in a theatre of the average size. When Revues are presented at larger houses they are apt to lose the essential traits of their character and to develop into merely spectacular shows. The London Pavilion is a house of the ideal size for the purpose, and by a happy coincidence it appears to be managed by people who know a good thing when they see it. For these reasons *Pick-a-dilly* is quite an excellent entertainment. If any faults exist they are due to the conservative English method of leaving the "book" in the hands of one author and the music in the hands of one musician throughout. A revue should be like a live newspaper—ready to receive new ideas from any quarter; and the most successful revue is most likely to be that one which before the close of its career has engaged the attention of about a hundred authors and at least as many musicians.

❋

I MENTION this detail by the way. As a matter of fact, the amount of variety in the revue at the London Pavilion is quite fascinating. There is something new at every turn. Some of the novelties are, perhaps, not so interesting as they might be, and show a tendency to keep to the beaten track. And for a revue that sort of thing is anathema. The entertainment opens with the proceedings incidental to the first night of a new production and the scene at the rising of the curtain shows us a number of young and lovely girls in the act of making up for their parts—quite a revelation of beauty in its way. I am a frightfully susceptible person at such times. I lost my heart at once to the lady who was third from the end, in the first minute; and then shortly afterwards I found myself proving unfaithful to her by the undying affection inspired by the dark-haired girl in the middle. Still, I suppose the ladies are there for the purpose mainly of provoking among ordinary people like myself a rush of unrequited affection.

❋

A HAPPY scene shows us the modern taxi-driver as "One of our Tyrants." Things have got so in the cab industry that we hear without surprise that if you want a taxi you must consult the driver's agents as to his engagements. From that, of course, to the stage of his being received into exalted society, and marrying the daughter of a duchess, is the simple effect of evolution. Another very amusing scene is presented in one of the very up-to-date tea-rooms which they tell me exist in the West End of London for the purpose of affording a rendezvous for amorous couples anxious to exchange confidences over the cup that cheers but does not inebriate—but which usually lays the foundation for chronic indigestion in after life. Mr. James Godden, the chief humorist of the production, is in great form in this piece. He is a domesticated policeman who has been sent on the trail of suspected moral irregularities much against his will, and who in his misplaced zeal for duty very nearly accuses the lady leader of the Purity League with improper behaviour. This is a really laughable scene.

A SUPER-ECCENTRIC PAS DE DEUX

❋

THIS scene has a development entitled "Cosy Corners," which, I imagine, is a phrase with a meaning of its own in the smart tea-room vocabulary. It is an exploitation of the old and crusted idea of the man who takes another man's wife out to have a nice cup of tea. In this instance there are two offenders, each taking the other's wife; and the climax is obvious. In such a complication there is, of course, nothing very amusing; but it can usually be made tolerably droll by extravagant interpretation. The necessary spice of romance is lacking by reason of the fact that one of the "men" is a young lady disguised to make her look like one of us. After all, to masculine eyes, the spectacle of a couple of pretty girls cuddling each other seems merely a shocking waste of the raw material; but it is, of course, an unhappy necessity of the dreary times in which we live. They tell me that the girls are taking men's places everywhere, but I like to think that there will always be a preference for us at least in cosy

(Continued on page 264)

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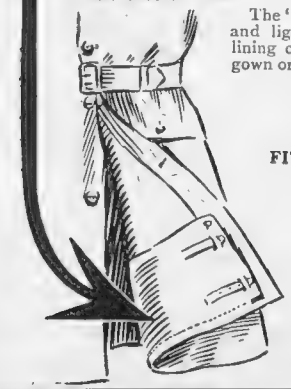

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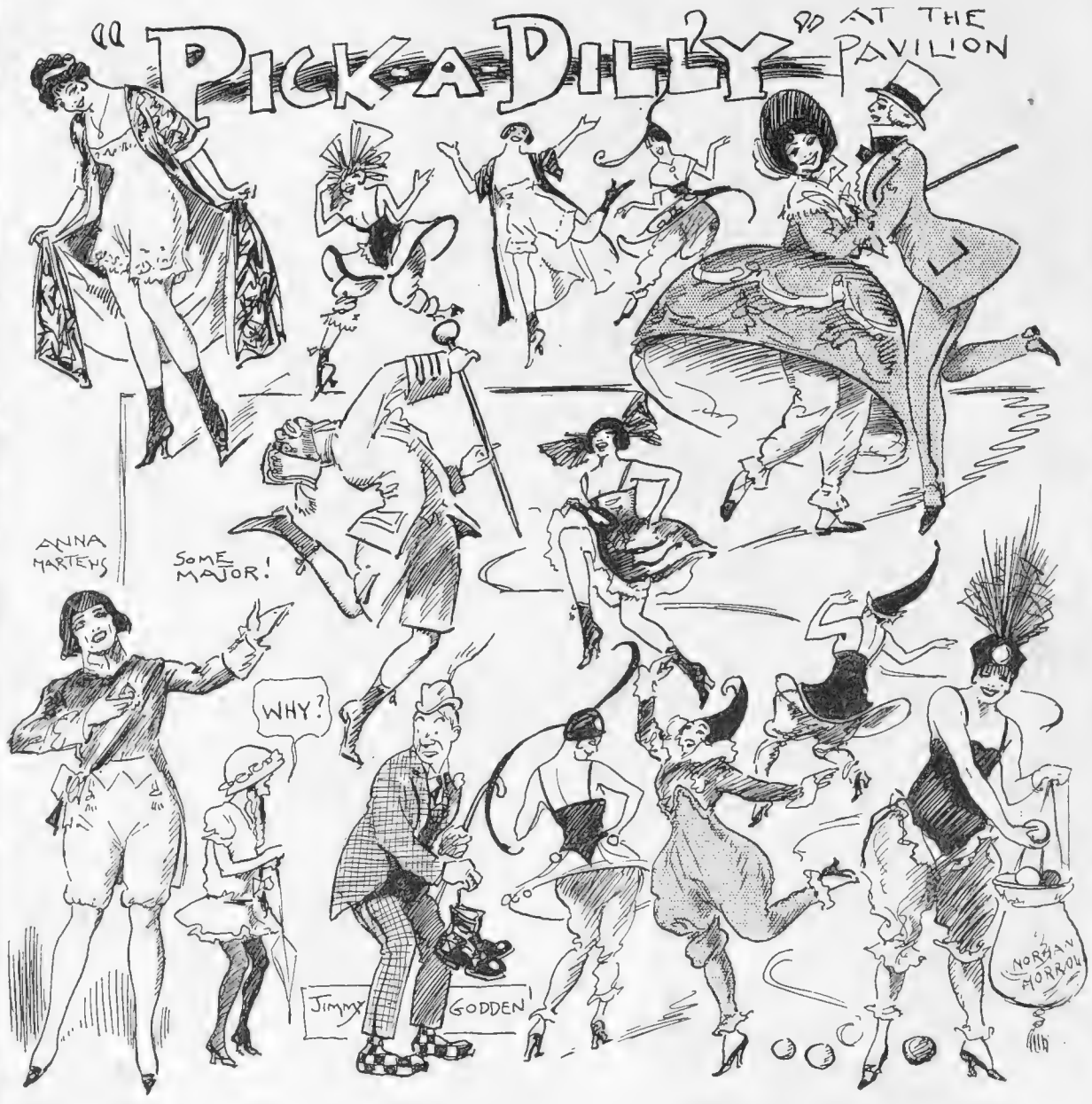
LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded from page 262)

WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES

corners at tea-time. Indeed, if the question were put to the ladies squarely I believe they would admit it themselves.

⁂

THEN there is the amusing incident showing how something happens to Jones. Mr. Jones, who lives at Clapham, complains that nothing with a spice of real adventure in it happens to a man with a commonplace name like his own. And then, just after his wife has gone to bed, a fierce Spaniard (or is it Italian ?) and his lady creep through the garden windows and inform him that he is a traitor to the cause, and that his life is, therefore, forfeit. It is not until the ferocious visitors have made preparations for the execution of their victim that they discover that they have come to the house of the wrong Jones. The man they are anxious to kill politely and without any unseemly scuffling lives a little farther along the street, and they withdraw with many apologies for having disturbed Mr. Jones's evening's leisure. After all, to the quiet suburban resident the brief announcement that he has only five minutes to live must be just a little disturbing.

⁂

FOR the rest the revue is quite one of the best of its kind in the metropolis. There is dancing above the average of excellence by Alex. Goudin and Andrée Dhery, the latter being a very nice girl in case you didn't know. And the mounting is in quite admirable taste and richness, some of the costumes being a real education in the modern art of the thing. JINGLE

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Width and Winsomeness

Some Skirts of The Season

EVENING GOWN OF MOUSSELINE DE SOIE

With ceinture of taffetas of a different shade and moiré ribbon trimming (modes Zimmermann)

EVENING GOWN OF BROIDERED TULLE

Trimmed with loops of black moiré ribbon (modes Zimmermann)

A DAINTY CREATION IN GOLD AND GEORGETTE CRÊPE

With puffings and ribbon tab trimming. The flesh-tinted ribbon in combination with the gold provides a delightful colour-contrast (J. M. GIDDINGS AND CO.)

Photographs Felix, Paris

Width and Womanliness

FASHIONS IN THE GREAT WAR

THEY say women dress for each other, but they don't, you know; they dress for men. And as in Spring the young man's fancy, etc., so naturally do women's veer to frocks and frills and fluff and frothiness—adding thus the touch of completeness to poor old Nature's handiwork. For the creature's nothing if not adaptable, and, as Mr. Jack London puts it—she was Sar, the corn-goddess. She was Isthar and Sheba and Cleopatra; she was Esther and Herodias. Also, she was Mary the Madonna and Mary the Magdalene and Mary the sister of Martha. And she was Brünnhilde and Guinevere, Iseult and Juliet, Héloise and Nicolette. Yes, and she was Eve, she was Lilith and Astarte.

❀ ❀

SO she's been a lot of things—and no doubt wanted a lot of clothes—in her time, hasn't she? Just now it's the thing to be womanly, to dust and cook and sew, to be loving and gentle and kind, to run, in fact, for all it's worth the ministering angel touch so that in the dust and dreariness of war our fighting men may somewhere still find peace and daintiness and rest.

❀ ❀

WHEREFORE the garments of sentiment have returned to the *ateliers*—the 1830-1860 frocks that they used to wear when, to put it delicately, women were very feminine and men were very masculine. Even curves have returned—the ones that so worried Schopenhauer. Tight-fitting bodices and full hips "pretend" we've got a waist even when we haven't, and at night what we put on round our hips and the "upper leg" we take off above, where the display of "bare" is also duly Victorian.

❀ ❀

AS a wandering soldierman home from the wilds remarked at Ciro's last week, "Well, they're mostly wearing just a row of beads where *I* come from, but they looked a dashed sight more dressed than these, I *must* say!"

❀ ❀

MEN love fluff, so they ought to love us more than ever this year, because not for ages have we fluffed with such persistence. As they say in that marvellous thing in fashion books, "*Les Élégances Parisiennes*," from which I have obtained permission to reproduce two of the chic-est models on this page, and in which you find all the newest creations that *aren't* born in Berlin or Vienna, the principal features of the new clothes are short skirts, round waists, pale-coloured taffetas . . . waves and billows of *tulle*, with puffed draperies and full basques—the sort of effect we've been striving to avoid for years.

❀ ❀

BUT, alas! we've got to be practical in war-time, and so as well as all this amusingness there's also the tailor-made. Though it's not all too terribly "sensible," even our street get-up. The full skirt is shortened to reveal the most alluring "foot and leg-wear," and the lace or embroidered *voile* or net or *chiffon* blouse must be pale and gossamery as dewdrops at dawn, with all sorts of possibilities in the way of camisole revelations.

(*Continued on page 270*)

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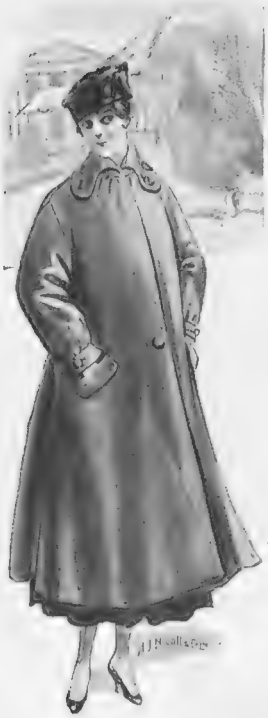

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WIDTH AND WOMANLINESS (*concluded from page 268*)

WITHIN doors, though, we let ourselves go and simply fluff. As I've said, gone, gone beyond recall is the straight narrow line, and this year we're just a mass of stick-out trimmings and bits. In the winter we sprouted little bits of fur, now we wear little bits of lace, and gathered *tulle*, and ribbon, and teeny-weeny posies and rosettes; little frills are above and below—little lace pantelettes are the last word seen doing two steps at the dance-clubs—and there's more than a little bit of wire or something to get the nearly-but-not-quite crinoline effect.

ON our heads are hats either very big or very tiny, wth a little hanging veil—only the excessive really appeals to woman. She hates like poison the "happy mean." And positively there's nothing that's too elaborate to build our shoes of—brocade, velvet, gold and silver cloth. On the just merely plain black or white ones the heels are be-diamonded or gold-edged or painted scarlet.

WHAT with waists and bits and crinolines and voluminousness, some of the new frocks, I rather fear, *do* verge, perhaps, just a little towards that time of the 'eighties, when "never in the history of clothes have women been so utterly at fault." But for consolation there's always this, isn't there?—that anything that's "right" *looks* right. Anyway, I truly think I'd almost rather look plain in the clothes of to-day than pretty in the clothes of yesterday, wouldn't you?

THE draped skirts, in all the pale old hues—apple-green, and lilac, and lemon-yellow, and cyclamen-pink and forgetmenot-blue—are lifted over petticoats of lace that'll cost a fortune at the cleaners. The little flower-wreaths on the funny little bodices are hand-worked in silks of many colours, and the "young girls" frocks of sheer white muslin and blue ribbons or frothy white *tulle* and satin rosettes aren't exactly built to last for ever.

AND last, not least, *lingerie*—*who* said war-economy? It's wartime, and in half the countries of the world khaki, stained and sullied, is the only wear. But here in England the women who wear clothes are clothed as usual in shell-pink *crêpe de Chine*, in wonderful little garments of lace and *ninon*, and Valenciennes and nainsook, that cost little fortunes, and last about as long as a bubble. In our grandmother's day even duchesses, I'm told, wore the sort of nightie your maid'd get neuralgia only to look at. *Nous avons changé tout cela*, and I've just been reading of a new sweet thing in pyjamas designed for Zeppy evenings—"the salient feature is the alliance of a Chinese mandarin's coat of pale primrose-coloured *crêpe*, showing a futurist pattern in wisteria mauve shades, with a pair of Turkish trousers of white *chiffon*, velvet edged with fur." Wouldn't it be *maddening* if the Zeps didn't come that night? BLANCHETTE

ILLOGICAL ECONOMY, by H. Dennis Bradley.

BRIEFLY I wish, as a business man, to criticise the Economy League and National Organising Committee in their latest mandate, "Don't buy new clothes," etc.

We have a great standing Army nearing its full complement, a great Navy, and a great and fully adequate body of munition workers. After these essentials we have tens of millions of people in Great Britain who are not needed or able to serve in actual war work. It is this great community who are required to keep up the commerce of the country and to provide the money to pay for this war.

Presuming that the circulation of money is cut down only to bare necessities, trade will be reduced in a short time to a condition of stagnation which will have disastrous effects. Commercial men will not only be unable to invest capital in the next War Loan, but they will be unable to pay the taxes of the coming Budget. It is the duty, therefore, of the Government to encourage trade in every way possible in all Home products. Money to be productive must be circulated: this is the first principle of finance and prosperity.

If I were issuing the prospectus of the new War-Loan I should advance the irrefutable argument to investors of Britain's wonderful commercial prosperity in war-time; I should certainly not preach extreme economical necessity, trade dislocation, and mythical gloomy prospects.

Let us hope the Government will take a logical business hint.

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Matters Musical

HANDEL THE MISUNDERSTOOD

SOME time ago M. Romain Rolland, the author of *Jean Christoph*, and perhaps the best French musical critic, wrote a book on Handel which has just been translated into English. And a good thing, too. We have to such an extent become accustomed to regard Handel as an English institution that it is just as well to have a Frenchman's views on the great composer.

⁂ ⁂

M. ROLLAND is only too glad to admit the good judgment and the wise perspicacity of our Handel worship, but his opinion of our taste in the matter of the performance of the music is not at all flattering. To be quite frank he uses the words "English tradition" with regard to Handel as practically synonymous with "bad tradition." Who shall blame him? We used to make ourselves ridiculous once in three (or was it seven or five?) years by enlisting a thousand voices to sing music intended for thirty voices, thus entirely spoiling the balance of the whole work. We used to boom the fact that the famous duet, "The Lord is a Man of War," would be sung by five hundred tenors and basses instead of being thoroughly ashamed of such gross vandalism. In short, we revelled in the wost possible taste of the worst possible period of Victorianism.

⁂ ⁂

THEN, having spoilt the music by the performance, we proceeded (and to a great extent still proceed) to spoil it still further by our very conception of its nature. We elected to treat Handel as a great religious thinker, a philosophical composer, in the manner of J. S. Bach instead of the fluent, spontaneous, extremely natural genius that he is. There is nothing philosophical about Handel at all. He was of the tribe of Mozart—at any rate, as that most lovable of composers is generally understood—not of the tribe of Beethoven. His command of technique was perfect, his purely musical ability almost unrivalled.

⁂ ⁂

BUT we have turned him into a rather stuffy composer of oratorios, closely associated with all the least attractive memories of Sabbatarianism. This versatile, exuberant child of nature has so long been decked out in surplice and cassock that he would hardly recognise himself could he come to earth again. A casual specimen of his genius, thrown off in three weeks, and known as *The Messiah*, now practically sums up for the English public the whole of his life-work. Even the other oratorios remain names rather than facts, for how many people really know *Joshua* and *Jepthah?* And as for the rest of his compositions, taken as a whole nobody knows anything about them at all. For Handel's own sake it is high time that we forgot *The Messiah* for a year or two and remembered that the composer is not only a respectable "classic," but a jolly musician. FRANCIS TOYE

"LE CAPITAINE"

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BELLICOSITIES

From an EVENING NEWS *Poster: 4 More Rebels Shot.* —[OFFICIAL.]

FROM the viewpoint of the four rebels, it is a matter of profound indifference whether the statement was official or otherwise.

MR. BASIL HALLAM (who looks very well and strong) assures the *Daily Mail* that when the war is over the Stage will experience no difficulty in claiming him for its own. This is reassuring. The prospect, after the war, of another Expeditionary Force composed of actors and actresses, proceeding to France with the object of forcing Mr. Hallam to evacuate the trenches has alarming possibilities.

IT is proposed that all Irish volunteers should be disarmed, and Lord Derby's name is associated with the future rule of the distressful isle. Will he disarm the Irish on the group system—married men first?

"I AM sick of oratory," exclaimed Sir Edward Carson, after lunch at the Hotel Cecil, in a speech the eloquence and brilliance of which electrified his hearers.

CONGRATULATIONS to our contemporary, the *Daily Mail*, on the attainment of its twentieth birthday. May we hope that, with its arrival at mature years, the *D.M.* will cast aside the reticence and modesty that has characterised its youth, and acquire the habit of speaking out—even if, in doing so, it has sometimes to sing its own praises?

A Second Volume of "Fragments from France" Out Shortly

WITH regard to the devices of blockade runners to smuggle rubber into Germany a naval officer mentions the case of the ship loaded with "onions" which was overhauled by a patrol boat. One of the "onions," on being dropped on the deck, bounced ten feet in the air. A spring onion, apparently.

AN amiable German pastor has declared that it is the German soldier's duty to "shatter the butt-end of his rifle on the enemies' skulls." Either the Germans are now using rifles of an inferior make which break easily, or we are a harder-headed race than we have hitherto suspected.

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Books of the Week

TWO INTERESTING STORIES

"The Tragedy of an Indiscretion"

It is odd to find the author of *The Devil's Mistress* and other tales of the occult putting his hand to a detective yarn, but in *The Tragedy of an Indiscretion* (Lane: 6*s*.) Mr. J. W. Brodie-Innes boldly sets out with a sufficiently startling "situation," and weaves a mystery-plot with all the deftness of an expert. You may be ultra-critical and complain that improbabilities abound. You may even be superior and guess the correct solution a few chapters before Mr. Brodie-Innes means you to do so, but the fact remains that the book is admirably written, and the "links" in the plot are fitted together with great ingenuity, and the whole thing is thoroughly well done.

"The King's Men"

In *The King's Men* (Secker: 6*s*.) Mr. John Palmer has written a patriotic story of a particularly interesting type. The book is hardly a novel; rather an intimate study of several young Englishmen of to-day, each of whom comes ultimately to serve his country. One is naturally a fighter, and goes forth soon after that fatal August 4. He is killed, and the wife that is no wife is left to mourn his loss. Two others go from different motives, which Mr. Palmer elaborates with great ingenuity. And then there is a poet, a married man (separated from his wife) whom nothing will drag to the war. He is not a conscientious objector. It is rather that the war has not vitally touched him. In his own view he is a man apart. Nothing will induce him to go. Nothing. The months pass, however, and he becomes aware of invisible chains. He can afford to laugh at some of the recruiting posters, but there are other unseen posters for ever dancing before his eyes. He fights against the Call to no purpose. Mr. Palmer ultimately ropes him in, and you know that this was bound to happen. Moreover, the unhappy poet attains his reward. *The King's Men* is an important piece of work (apart from its value as a recruiting pamphlet) in that it will provide future psychologists with a fairly correct picture of the young intellectuals of 1915. But in addition to being important, it is not a little entertaining, and Mr. Palmer deserves all credit for its invention. R. S.

Photograph Lena Connell

MR. JOHN PALMER

Author of "The King's Men" (Secker: 6*s*.), a patriotic story of a peculiarly interesting type, which is reviewed on this page

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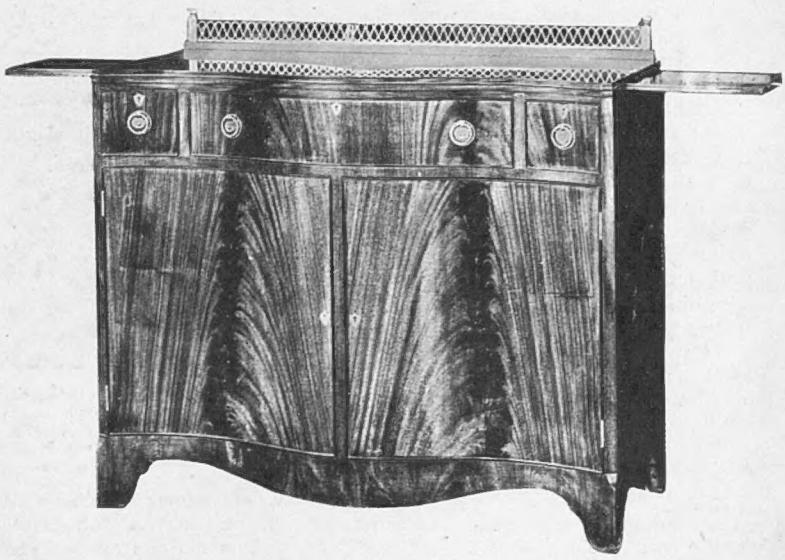

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A Motor Note

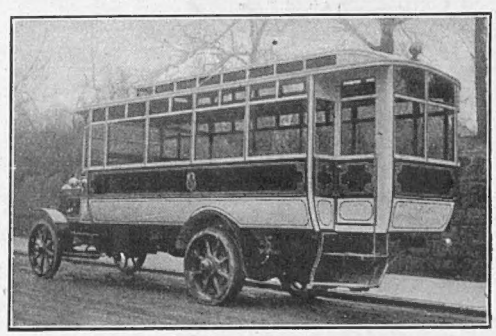
Physician, Heal Thyself

IF it be gospel, as reported, that the Minister of Munitions motored all the way from Criccieth to London recently, there's a large poster issued by his friends of the War Savings Committee, which should be of great interest to him. It reads, "Don't use your motor-car for pleasure." As Cabinet Ministers are nearly the only motorists who can afford so to use their cars, I suggest to the War Savings Committee that a circular letter to Cabinet Ministers would nearly fill the bill. Also, it would cost less, and thereby relieve said Ministers, Committeemen spending public money, and others of the ilk, from the reproach that while they may be excellent preachers, a lot of the evidence goes to show that they're particularly poor practitioners. "Don't do as I do; do as I tell you," is a slogan hardly likely to be productive of the very best results.

* * *

A Chance for Criminals

WHY not use up the energy of our corps of non-combatants in road-making? Now, when everything is subordinate to military efficiency, is the time. There is no need to argue the necessity. Everywhere the cutting up of the great highways by military vehicles, emphasises the importance of the road for the transportation of men and munitions, and the need for its maintenance in good condition. There is plenty of money available. We do not concern ourselves a little with the volume of wastage. There is plenty of labour available if the strength of the conscientious objector conscript is half its alleged strength. Somebody has to do this work if only because it is necessary for military purposes. It is better to employ men at it than to put them into prison, where they will do nothing useful at all. Or, if this does not fit into the scheme of present things, why not put convicts to the job as in America? Everybody has to do his bit. Give the criminals a chance to do theirs. We not only want good roads now, but we shall want them extra badly after the war. Use up the waste labour available. Let the War Savings Committee start a new poster campaign on the inside walls of prison exercise yards, where the space can be had free. "Don't use your hands for pleasurable oakum-picking. Make roads," would infuse every self-respecting convict with a desire to do his bit.



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